

Good Morning 410

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Here's Jean with Heather
P.O. Tel. Kenneth F. James

HERE'S Baby Heather, looking out for her Daddy at 48 Blackfriars Road, Southsea. Aren't you proud of her, P.O. Tel. Kenneth F. James? Whoever would have believed, Ken, that she was only five and a half pounds when she was born? Your wife Jean tells us she could have been placed in a pint pot. When this photograph was taken, Heather was just four months' old, and weighed 11½ lbs. A bonny babe! She loves the boys, too—Jean's two brothers—and your wife will have to look out that the family does not spoil her. You know how it is with a first niece and grandchild! Everybody at home, including her grandma, who looks after her well, makes a fuss of her, but Heather doesn't mind. Your wife thinks she is a lovely kid, and so does everyone else. "She takes after her Dad," Mrs. James declares. You will be glad to hear that Heather isn't any trouble at night, and sleeps well. You can see that she grows while she sleeps.

Playthings are just beginning to interest her. "She grabs at everything within reach," Mrs. James said. "We have got a big black toy dog for her, but it is a little too heavy for her yet." All at Blackfriars-road send you their best wishes. And, of course, Jean and Heather send their love. Cheerio and Good Hunting.

If all Laws were Enforced What a Big Jail it'd be!

J. M. Michaelson says M.P.'s
would be fined—often



A RECENT prosecution under the Witchcraft Act is a reminder that there are still on the Statute Book many old laws which can cause awkward situations if suddenly "brought out of retirement." Parliament has always had rather a strange reluctance to repeal laws completely, and, when conditions have changed, many have fallen into disuse rather than died. But a statute that is "sleeping but not dead," to use the phrase of a famous Lord Chancellor, is still the law. When from time to time there is a prosecution under an ancient statute, judges have always held that a law is not less effective simply because it has not been enforced for some time.

The law under which it was punishable by death to invoke or conjure any evil or wicked spirit, which resulted in hundreds of women being put to death in the 17th century, was repealed two centuries ago. We no longer believe in witchcraft. The new offence created by the Witchcraft Act of 1736 was to pretend to be a witch, and it must be many years since there was a prosecution under it, although it is only 80 years since the last alleged wizard was ducked in accordance with custom, and died as a result.

THE Puritans not only disliked witches, but also swearing, and about the same time they got an Act passed which imposed a fine for every oath. This has never been repealed. Every time you swear you render yourself liable under this Act to a fine—one shilling per oath if you are a common sailor or a common seaman, five shillings if you are a gentleman! It is many years since the Act was invoked, and magistrates might now have some difficulty in deciding just what was and what was not an oath. In 1623, when the Act was passed, it was decided that "diminutives" like "odds fish" were not oaths, but "My God," and so on, are.

We have heard a good deal about Sunday Observance recently, and it is under two ancient Acts that "common informers" actions on theatrical performances on Sunday are brought. But few people realise there is a legal obligation on them to attend church every Sunday—unless they are not members of the Church of England. This obligation dates

from a law of Queen Elizabeth's reign which has never been repealed. But, curiously enough, the fine of 12 pence for not attending has been repealed, so the position seems to be that there is a law which carries no penalty!

Successive Acts changing the Sunday observance laws, but not repealing them, have left the position of what we may and may not do on Sunday rather obscure. Certainly under the Act of Charles I, which is still in force, it is illegal to play any games on Sunday or have any "meetings, assemblies, or concourses of people out of their own parishes." And, in case you should think this is "dead" law, it is worth recalling that only a few years ago a number of men who "assembled out of their parishes" for greyhound racing on Sunday were fined under it. Fortunately for them, the maximum penalty was 3s. 4d.—worth much less to-day than it was in the time of Charles I!

The oldest Act believed to be in force is part of the Statute

of Westminster, passed in 1275, which imposes a penalty of 366 days' imprisonment on any lawyer who practises deceit, collusion, or beguiles the court or a party.

I say "believed" because there may well be unrepealed Statutes forgotten in some old documents that are still good if anyone knew anything about them! Only about ten years ago, a farmer whose sheep were distrained for tithe pleaded a law so old that its date is unknown, and the defence pleaded that it did not exist!

The strangest results of a law being forgotten but not repealed were shown in the trial for murder of Abraham Thornton at Warwick Assizes. Thornton was charged with the murder of a girl named Mary Ashford, and, after a long trial, found not guilty by the jury and discharged.

That should have been the end of the matter, but a local clergyman and the magistrate who had committed Thornton seem to have had a spite against him and determined he should not escape. They felt sure there must be some law under which he could be tried again.

Searching amongst forgotten Statutes, they found that the "Appeal of Murder" had never been repealed. By this, the nearest relative of a murdered person could appeal against an acquittal. Thornton was re-arrested and put into prison on an "appeal of murder" by an

uncle of the dead girl whom the magistrate dug up somewhere. Thornton reserved his pleading. His counsel thought that a little research on his part might be equally fruitful. It was. When Thornton was again brought up and asked to plead, he said, "Not guilty—and I am ready to defend the same with my body," flinging down his glove in court!

Under the "Appeal of Murder," the accused had the right to trial by battle. As Thornton was big and powerful and the dead girl's uncle exceedingly puny, the latter wisely withdrew, and Thornton was set free once more. At the same time, Parliament rushed through the repeal of the Act under which Appeal of Murder was possible, an Act unused for centuries, but not "dead." This was only 124 years ago.

A much more recent example of a forgotten Statute proving awkward is recounted by Mr. E. Stewart Fay in his book, "Discoveries in the Statute Book." The King reigns under the Act of Settlement, which conferred the throne on the heirs of the Electress Sophia, who died in 1714.

But, with the enthusiasm of legislators who want to make a throne safe, the Act declared that "all persons lineally descending from the Electress Sophia born or hereafter to be born be and shall be to all intents and purposes whatsoever deemed taken and esteemed natural born subjects of the Kingdom."

Queen Anne died, and this clause was more or less forgotten—until Parliament in 1937 passed a Regency Bill which contained a clause that the Regent should be the person next in succession to the throne, unless that person were not a British subject, in which event he or she would be disqualified.

An ingenious lawyer then pointed out that this disqualification was unnecessary, as under the Act of Settlement all direct descendants of the Electress Sophia were British subjects! The "direct descendants" must now number some hundreds, and include the Queen of Holland and the Kings of Denmark, Greece, Norway, Rumania and Yugoslavia—not to mention the Ex-Kaiser! Never has a "forgotten law" had stranger results.

The law is now "got round" through the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act, 1914, which stated that any British subject who became naturalised abroad ceased to be British, but it has never been tested, and the fact remains that for 200 years some of the most eminent rulers in the world were British, and neither they nor we realised it!

These are some examples of forgotten laws. There are scores of others disused but not dead. One of the reign of Henry VIII imposes a fine on M.P.'s who leave Westminster before the end of the session. Others make it illegal for bishops to play bridge and for bookmakers to take up the same pitch every time at a racecourse—although if they had no umbrella it would probably be all right! Another forbids you to break into your own house if you are locked out by a burglar. And so we could go on. Certainly if all the laws were enforced, what a big jail there'd be!

Heraldry has got its place

(Declares Charles Stanton)

TO most people the very suggestion of the name "Herald" brings to mind colourful characters of centuries ago. Yet—and this will probably surprise you—Heralds, even in the middle of the greatest war in history, continue to play an important role.

The badges of the Royal Navy, Army, and Royal Air Force, together with regimental colours borne on parade, and other ornamental parts of the equipment carried on parade, are the responsibility of the Heralds of the Royal College of Arms.

One of their most interesting tasks was to design the badges for the fifty American destroyers handed over to the Royal Navy. As these ships had been adopted by towns and villages all over Britain, the designers of the badges adopted the armorial bearings of ancient manor houses in various counties. These counties contained towns with similar names to those to be found in the United States.

When several classes of "Fish" ships had to be named, the designers of the badges had a fairly easy time—but in preparing bearings for the Royal Armoured Corps, and other regiments with no traditions to guide them, the Heralds did not find things so easy. But in the end, as they have always done, they brought out badges to satisfy everyone.

This pride of "Badge" can be seen by Service football teams. In the majority of cases the sides from a ship, regiment

or squadron are proud to carry their own badge on their breast. The Royal Marines, for instance, have "Gibraltar" on their badge. This is to make everyone appreciate that it was the "Jollies" who captured this valuable part of the Empire.

The College of Arms, responsible for all this work, is to be found between St. Paul's Cathedral and the River Thames in London. Fronted by iron gateways and a cobbled courtyard is a red-brick building which bears the inscription, "College of Arms." Here, the Heralds conduct their business in the same manner as their predecessors through the centuries, addressing each other by such picturesque names as Rouge Dragon and Blue Mantle.

The College, which is virtually a branch of the Royal Household, was founded in 1484. The Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, is President of the Heralds; this has been an honour held by his family since 1672.

The home of the Heralds was designed by a Wren pupil and taken over in 1683 after the house in which they had carried on their important work had been destroyed in the Great Fire. Every one of the records, however, was saved from the flames.

In the early days the Heralds used to be attached to the suites of kings and other high



personages. Often they went on sometimes to hand declarations of war; sometimes to take valuable gifts to other crowned heads.

To-day, the chief duties of the Heralds are to do with the granting and recording of coats of arms. The right of a coat of arms exists, in the first place, in a Patent of Arms. This document has the arms, which are painted in the left-hand margin, and they are also fully described in the text of the grant.

A copy of the entire document, you will be interested to know, together with text and painting, is entered in the books of the college. By this method, any man who can prove direct descent in the male line from the person to whom the patent was granted, can use the arms. Perhaps you have heard some

pretentious people claiming that their family tree is much longer than the records show, and making the excuse that all their genealogical records were destroyed during the Great Fire of London.

You can prove them wrong, however by pointing out that these records were saved. If they had a "family tree" the College of Arms would know all about it!

By the way, Garter of Arms, by virtue of his office, is Inspector of Regimental Colours. It is he who decides what battle-honours are to be blazoned on the invaluable silk banners.

Yet few of the millions who pass by the College of Arms every week know anything about the work carried on in the building; do not realise that the whole of our history is wrapped up within that red-bricked building.

To-day's Thoughts

I am about to take my last voyage, a great leap in the dark.
Hobbes, Last Words, 1679.

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill.
William Blake.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.
Alexander Pope.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

"EARN YER SALT!"

PART 2

IT had been obvious to all hands for some time that the second mate, whose name was Foster, was an idle, careless fellow, and not much of a sailor, and that the captain was exceedingly dissatisfied with him. The power of the captain in these cases was well known, and we all anticipated a difficulty.

The second night after crossing the equator we had the watch from eight till twelve, and it was "my helm" for the last two hours. There had been light squalls through the night, and the captain told Mr. Foster, who commanded our watch, to keep a bright look-out.

Soon after I came to the helm I found that he was quite drowsy, and at last he stretched himself on the companion and went fast asleep. The captain came very quietly on deck, and stood by me for some time looking at the compass.

The officer at length became aware of the captain's presence, but, pretending not to know it, began humming and whistling to himself, to show that he was not asleep, and went forward, without looking behind him, and ordered the main royal to be loosed.

On turning round to come aft he pretended surprise at seeing the master on deck. This would not do.

The captain was too "wide awake" for him, and, beginning upon him at once, gave him a grand blow-up in true nautical style. "You're a lazy, good-for-nothing rascal. You're neither man, boy, soger, nor sailor! You're no more than a thing aboard a vessel! You don't earn your salt!"

and other still more choice extracts from the sailor's vocabulary. After the poor fellow had taken this harangue he was sent into his state-room, and the captain stood the rest of the watch himself.

At seven bells in the morning all hands were called aft, and told that Foster was no longer an officer on board, and that we might choose one of our own number for second mate. The crew refused to take the responsibility of choosing a man of whom we would never be able to complain, and left it to the captain.

He picked out an active and intelligent young sailor, born near the Kennebec, who had been several Canton voyages, and proclaimed him in the following manner: "I choose Jim Hall. He's your second mate. All you've got to do is to obey him as you would me; and remember that he is Mr. Hall."

Foster went forward into the fore-castle as a common sailor, while young foremast Jim became Mr. Hall, and took up his quarters in the land of knives and forks and tea-cups.

In the latitude of the river La Plata, are violent gales from the south-west, called Pomperos, which are very destructive to the shipping in the river, and are felt for many leagues at sea. They are usually preceded by lightning.

The captain told the mates to keep a bright look-out, and if they saw lightning at the south-west to take in sail at once.

We got the first touch of one during my watch on deck. I was walking in the lee gangway, and thought I saw lightning on the lee-bow. It was very black in the south-west, and in about ten minutes we saw a distinct flash. The wind, which had been south-east, had now left us, and it was dead calm.

We sprang aloft immediately and furling the royals and top-

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

gallant-sails, and took in the flying-jib, hauled up the mainsail and trysail, squared the after-yards, and awaited the attack.

A huge mist, capped with black clouds, came driving towards us, extending over that quarter of the horizon, and covering the stars, which shone brightly in the other part of the heavens. It came upon us at once with a blast, and a shower of hail and rain, which almost took our breath from us.

We let the halyards run. The little vessel "paid off" from the wind, and ran on for some time directly before it, tearing through the water with everything flying.

Having called all hands, we close-reefed the topsails and trysail, furling the courses and jib, set the foretopmast-staysail, and brought her up nearly to her course with the weather-braces hauled in a little to ease her.

This was the first blow that I had seen which could really be called a gale. We had reefed our topsails in the Gulf Stream, and I thought it something serious, but an older sailor would have thought nothing of it.

I obeyed the order to lay aloft with the rest, and found the reefing a very exciting scene.

Reefing is the most exciting part of a sailor's duty. All hands are engaged upon it, and after the halyards are let go, there is no time to be lost—no "sogering" or hanging back—then. If one is not quick enough, another runs over him.

The first on the yard goes to the weather earing, the second to the lee, and the next two to the "dog's ears"; while the others lay along into the bunt, just giving each other elbow-room.

In reefing, the yard-arms are the posts of honour; but in furling, the strongest and most experienced stand in the slings (or middle of the yard) to make up the bunt. If the second mate is a smart fellow he will never let any one take either of these posts from him.

We remained for the rest of the night, and throughout the next day, under the same close sail, for it continued to blow very fresh; and though we had no more hail, yet there was a soaking rain, and it was quite cold and uncomfortable.

Towards sundown the gale moderated a little, and it began to clear off in the south-west. We shook our reefs out one by one, and before midnight had top-gallant-sails upon her.

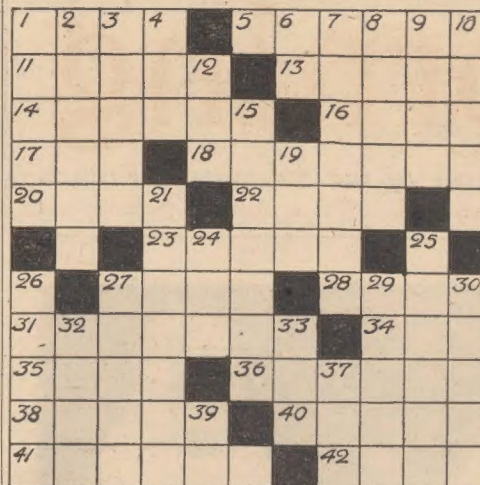
Just before eight o'clock (then about sundown, in that latitude) the cry of "All hands ahoy!" was sounded down the fore-scuttle and the after-hatchway, and, hurrying upon deck, we found a large black cloud rolling on towards us from the south-west, blackening the whole heavens.

"Here comes Cape Horn!" said the chief mate; and we had hardly time to haul down and clew up before it was upon us.

In a few moments a heavier sea was raised than I had ever seen, and as it was directly ahead, the little brig, which was no better than a bathing-machine, plunged into it, and all the forward part of her was under water, the sea pouring in through the bow-ports and hawse-hole and over the knight-heads, threatening to wash everything overboard.

We sprang aloft and double-reefed the topsails, and furling all the other sails, and made all

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Mispronounce.
- 5 Wonder.
- 11 Bring on.
- 13 Polite.
- 14 Fumbled.
- 16 Went fast.
- 17 The way.
- 18 Fondling.
- 20 Hard to believe.
- 22 Not genial.
- 23 Burning.
- 27 Regretted.
- 28 Auction.
- 31 Decorated.
- 34 Not strict.
- 35 Part of ear.
- 36 Separate.
- 38 Girl's name.
- 40 Prodding rod.
- 41 Faculties.
- 42 Direction.

WHISK REEDS
EMPIRE LOT
CAPITAL EVE
OVEN RIGGER
RED DECREE
D IOU U GO
ISM BEVEL T
ALEC MELODY
LANOLIN GAP
STRATA IRE
WHANG LACED

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Trivial.
- 2 Encroachment.
- 3 Frown.
- 4 Young animal.
- 6 Because.
- 7 Sounds like leaves.
- 8 Inspid.
- 9 Level.
- 10 Shelf.
- 12 Corded fabric.
- 15 Definite.
- 19 Rocky hill.
- 21 Emblem of victory.
- 24 Marsh.
- 25 Flat bones.
- 26 Stakes.
- 27 Bird.
- 29 Similar.
- 30 Use.
- 32 Cupola.
- 33 Immerse.
- 37 Promise.
- 39 Pronoun.

snug. But this would not do; when the captain got an observation.

This was very well for Cape Horn, and we thought it a little remarkable that, as we had not had one unpleasant Sunday during the whole voyage, the only tolerable day here should be a Sunday.

But this did not last very long. Between five and six the cry of "All starboard ahoy!" summoned our watch on deck, and immediately all hands were called.

A great cloud of a dark slate-colour was driving on us from the south-west; and we did our best to take in sail before we were in the midst of it. We had got the light sails furling, the courses hauled up, and the top-sail reef-tackles hauled out, and were just mounting the fore-rigging when the storm struck us.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A stere is a shorthorn cow, cubic metre, part of a sundial, Kaffir doctor, punt paddle?
2. Who wrote (a) Outward Bound, (b) Homeward Bound?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Camisole, Farthingale, Brassiere, Martingale, Petticoat, Pelisse, Paletot.
4. Motors were first allowed on the roads of Britain in: 1886, 1891, 1896, 1901, 1906?
5. Has anybody ever swum the Channel both ways?
6. Basset hounds are used for hunting foxes, squirrels, ducks, badgers, otters, wolves?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Orison, Odeon, Odium, Odion, Odeum, Odyle.
8. What is the regulation weight of a soccer football?
9. What is C. B. Cochran's middle name?
10. What plant was known to our ancestors as the Golden Bough?
11. Of what does ozone consist?

Answers to Quiz in No. 409

1. Flash of lightning.
2. (a) Shakespeare, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Cheddar is an English cheese; others are foreign.
4. A basket.
5. Selenium.
6. 144.
7. Omniferic.
8. Primo Carnera.
9. The Murray-Darling.
10. Meriden.
11. Effecting.
12. Ludwigshaven, Lisbon, Leningrad, Lyons, Leipzig, Leghorn.

USELESS EUSTACE



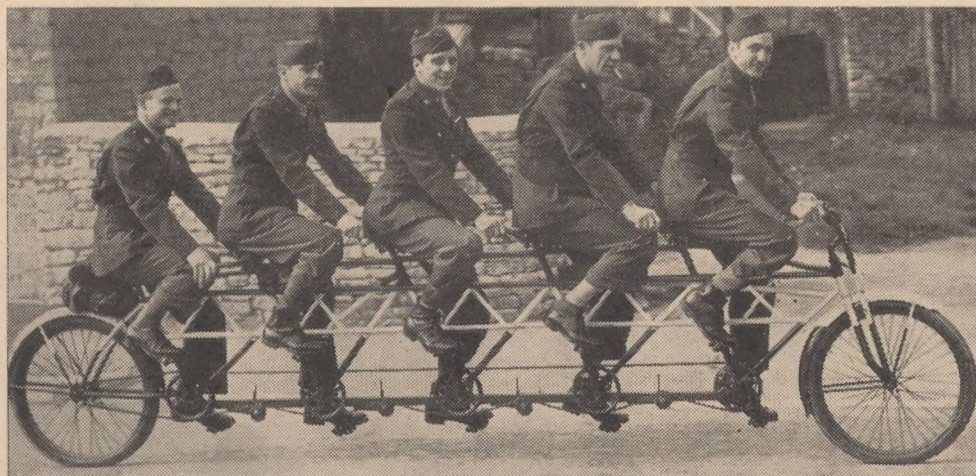
"Invisible ink be blowed! Why, I can distinctly see it!"

WANGLING WORDS—349

1. Put a loan in CAAR and get some dates.
2. In the following first line of a carol, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Deloko cleanseus gink uto dogo.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change SIX into TEN and then back again into SIX, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden flowers in: Do not smack or chide the child. The fault, dada, is yours.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 348

1. CrumBLE.
2. Little Man, You've had a Busy Day.
3. TOSS, moss, mass, mats, mate, male, bale, ball, hall, hale, hole, hose, lose, loss, TOSS.
4. Pot-at-o, S-tea-k.



ON A BICYCLE MADE FOR FIVE.

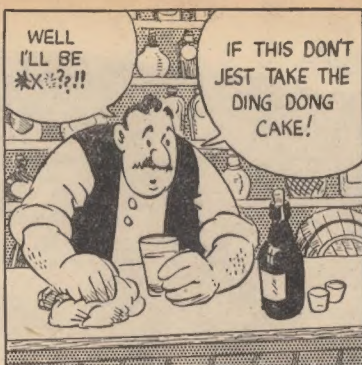
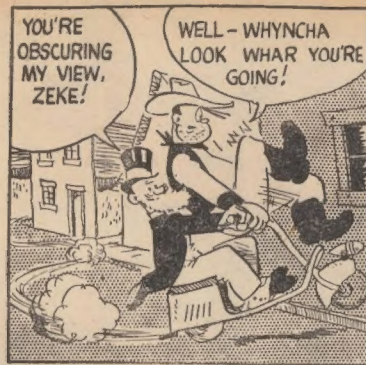
These Americans have solved the off-duty travel problem with a five-seater cycle, made by two of them in their spare time. The men claim that it behaves well on corners or in traffic, and that because of its high man-power has a remarkable performance on hills. Picture was taken in the Cotswolds, where the men are now touring.

★ ★ ★

JANE

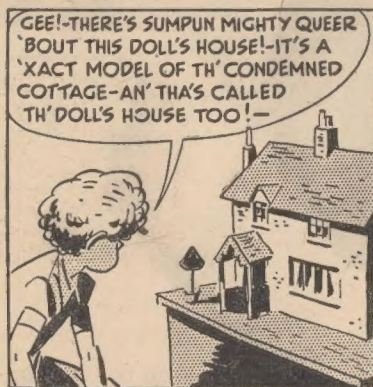


BEELZEBUB JONES



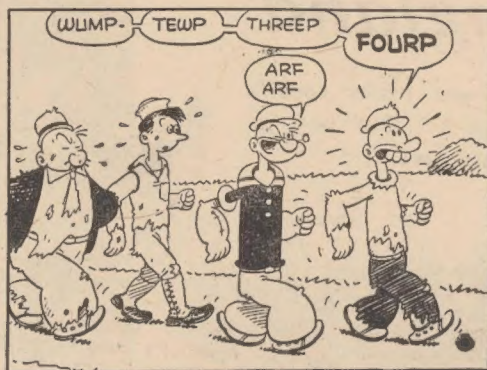
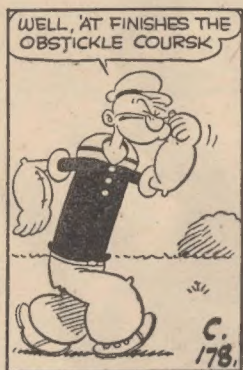
C.178.

BELINDA



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POPEYE



RUGGLES

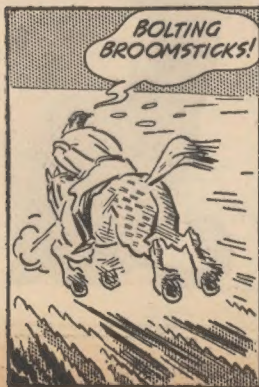


C.178.

GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

TOM DRIBERG, journalist, and Independent M.P. for Maldon, Essex, a layman and strong Churchman, has reported a Rector to the Bishop of Chelmsford.

The trouble arose from a local newspaper correspondence about a girl who refused to dance with a man not in uniform.

In an angry letter, Rev. Blower said one of the correspondents seemed to think any man good enough to breed from.

"I beg to differ," he wrote. "In fact, I will go further and render those who did not come up to a satisfactory standard incapable."

Said Driberg: "When I saw this letter I considered it my duty as an Essex M.P. and a Churchman to bring it to the attention of the Bishop."

"This is the most un-Christian thing I have ever heard said by any clergyman."

"It is a dastardly attack on the fundamental liberty of the individual. He seems to hold the Nazi theory which would turn the human family into a State stud farm."

My knowledge of this Member of Parliament tells me that once more his constituents will sit up and say, "Tom's at it again."

AFTER the war, anyone owning a radio and a cine-camera will be able to build up his own stock of talking films like a snapshot album.

This is the forecast of the British Institute of Radio Engineers, in a report just published.

They say that sound equipment—possibly using part of the radio set—will be added to film projectors.

The radio engineers also foresee:

More home-made gramophone records.

Nation-wide television, with its possible extension across the Atlantic following intensive research.

Coloured stereoscopic television, relayed to cinemas, and a big increase in broadcasting by short-wave transmission.

Radio telephone calls to New York or Calcutta as reliable as a local call, with multiplication of the channels of international communication by using radio as a supplement to cables.

All these developments are, in the opinion of the Institute, dependent on State control of the ether, although it points out that control of transmission does not necessarily imply Government monopoly of radio entertainment.

A YOUNG Wren saved the life of a German dog a few days after the initial Normandy landings.

A Nazi officer, brought to a South Coast town as a prisoner, had with him a St. Bernard dog.

The St. Bernard was held to have made an illegal landing in this country, and the penalty was—death!

An R.S.P.C.A. inspector was sent for to carry out the sentence. "It is a pity to destroy such a fine animal," said the naval piermaster.

While the matter was being debated, the Wren, Miss Joan Palmer, whose home is at Alverstoke, Hampshire, said she was prepared to pay £18, the cost of his keep for six months.

This was agreed to. So Jenny became a life-saver.

SUNDAY newspapers recently gave short space to record the death of an international figure who rates with our finest ambassadors. The brief announcement read:

"Lieut. Herbert Roberts, Royal Fusiliers, former England international centre-half, has died in North Middlesex Hospital from erysipelas, aged thirty-nine."

He gained the nickname of Policeman Roberts because of his shadowing of opposing forwards. He helped Arsenal to beat Sheffield United in the Cup Final.

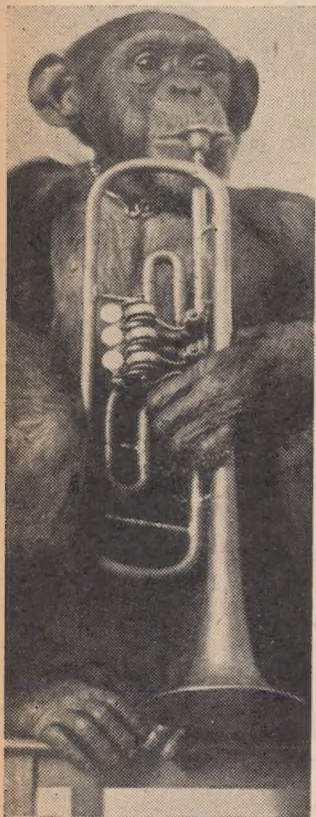
A FEW nods, a couple of yeses, and a thirty-two thousand eight hundred and ninety-four British prisoners of war got another weekly parcel.

The Red Cross held an auction at the Mansion House and raised £16,457 from wines and spirits.

The liquor, 49 cases of brandy and 800 cases of red and white wine, were a present from the Junta Nacional Do Vinho, Portugal.

Ron Richards

Good
Morning



"I'll play anything
you suggest, chaps,
anything."



This England

The well-known main street
of the village of Dunster, in
Somerset.



"What CAN a girl do nowadays? I'm sure someone has
opened the door. What a draught there is!"



A leap for joy by
Warner Bros.
Star, Priscilla
Lane.



"If it's dignity you want,
fellows — how about
me?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Boy, what a heart-
throb."

